

BLUE-GRASS BLADE.

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A Composition on "The Cow."
The above engraving, from a photograph by Mullen, is offered to the readers of THE BLADE without extra charge, just as the New York Voice offers "The Angelus."

This picture is intended to present the Prohibition argument to the Farmers' Alliance people.

All previous "compositions" on "The Cow" have assumed that "The cow is a very useful animal." This cow is an exception to that rule.

The original of "The Angelus" is the property of Postmaster-General Wannamaker. The original of this picture is the property of K. B. Neal, editor of THE WORKER (Prohibition).

It will be noticed that this cow is not a "shorthorn." The only short horns that have ever been popular in this State were on cattle.

This picture ought not to require a "key" to it, but the argument for liquor has been so thoroughly indoctrinated into the Kentucky mind that it requires a diagram to get the people of this country to see any force in anything that opposes it.

A Farmers' Alliance man ought certainly to know about cows and how a farmer and know about them. You see this picture on wheels. The cow is as big as that farmer and his two-story house put together.

That cow eats a hay stack like that every year. The corrected reports of the cost of that hay say, that the hay that that cow eats costs \$900,000,000 a year;

Lexington Christians Evolving.

I am going to tell you something tolerable funny that you have thought about, and you will say so when you read it.

It is suggested by the fact that my good friend and neighbor in this city has complained several times lately because the BLADE did not get to him all right. I am going to retaliate just a little.

He and his wife are thoroughly orthodox Christian people and have been so ever since I knew them. I have one of these bad memories that never forgets anything, and I nearly always find a chance to get even with a fellow if it takes forty years to do it.

You Christian people are evolving and you don't know it, and you wouldn't care if you did know, and you couldn't help yourselves if you did care, and I have helped you to evolve and I propose to do it still further, and you are not very badly scared by my plain, outspoken proposition.

I have for years been trying to get into your heads that the Christian religion is something to DO rather than something to believe, and the year of the Lord is at hand when the public estimate of a Christian is going to be the man who practices toward his fellow man the good deeds that Jesus of Nazareth taught, and the people won't care a snap whether that man believes that Jonah swallowed the whale or the whole thing was a fish story that wouldn't do to tell to the marines; while on the other hand, the man who claims to believe everything in the Bible, and may believe everything in it, who sings psalms and prays and votes for whisky and is in favor of licensing certain unmentionable houses, as I heard a preacher of this city say he was, will be called an infidel and hypocrite. The people that are encouraging this sentiment are pretty equally divided into parties calling themselves Prohibitionists, Rationalists and Cranks.

Without joking, their seems to be a regular demand for an organ-

but we will let it go at \$800,000,000. A hundred millions of dollars would be considerable, if mentioned in connection with sending the gospel to the heathen, or building free schools, or charitable institutions, but as an investment in Kentucky whisky and beer, that gives to men the "personal liberty" to get drunk and kill somebody, or whip their wives, it's not enough to contend about, and we will let the cost of that haystack go for \$800,000,000, as indicated by the artist, and based on a congressional report of a committee appointed for that purpose.

That calf "Revenue" run with its mammy and gets every drop of the milk. So that all that cow has to do is to raise one calf like that every year.

Now, the very same congressional committee, made solely of Democrats and Republicans, and without a Prohibitionist on it, reports to the Government that that calf, as a yearling, will sell for \$90,000,000 (ninety millions of dollars).

When we get up into the millions, it's hard to think about relative values; so we "cut off" seven cyphers from the cost of the hay that the cow eats and from the value of the calf, "not at weaning time," but as a yearling, and we find that we are actually feeling \$80 worth of regular race-horse pure timothy to a cow that does nothing but raise a \$9 calf every year.

Now, you see "Uncle Sam" over on the right there has been figuring on this kind of farming, and he has concluded to "come around with a shotgun" and kill

the cow.

But just as Uncle Sam is going to shoot, a Kentucky Democrat says, "Hold on, Uncle Sam! don't kill the hen that lays the golden egg! How are we going to raise 'Revenue' to pay the current expenses of the Government without that cow?"

And you see that Uncle Sam has dropped his gun from his eye, when he had drawn a bead on that cow to hit her behind the shoulder and go right into her vitals; and Uncle Sam says he has to give it up, because he can't see how he is going to raise "Revenue" without the cow.

But on the left there, in that humble house, with his front porch hardly as high as his head, is a Farmers' Alliance man who is a party Prohibitionist and who votes with the Prohibitionists as the shortest cut to getting at what the farmers want. He is yelling out to Uncle Sam, and this is what he says: "Shoot that cow! She's a blamed old stray anyhow, and eats up \$80 worth of my hay every year. Kill the cow and I will pay you the \$9 that you get every year for 'Revenue,' out of my own pocket, by direct taxation, and make \$71 by the transaction."

THE BLADE wants every Farmers' Alliance man in the whole country to study this beautiful monofit, and tell me honestly if that old Prohibitionist hasn't got a better head for farming business than Uncle Sam, and that Democratic politician, and all those R-publi-can politicians away back by the mountains, all put together.

less it was one of these preacher petting women. And yet that little joke on fashionable ecclesiastical flubbery, not more than fifteen years ago, caused a seven day's sensation in this town.

Another time, about twelve years ago, Talmage came here and down in the old opera house got off a lot of stuff that was not half as good a lecture as I delivered down there to twenty-seven people; paid for the opera house myself; paid for my own admission and gave the gross proceeds to Mayor Johnson for city charities.

Talmage's lecture was miserable bad. I was reporter for the Press. All the other newspapers in town, either because they did not know any better or in keeping with their policy which they still maintain, that gives taffy to all preachers, piled the eulogiums on Talmage like he had done something great. I said the lecture was no good, and got off a few old chestnuts on Brother Talmage, the whole thing not being more than a quarter of a column. I was fired for writing it.

My friend who now complains that he does not get The Blade is, in the city, my next door neighbor. He came and warned me most earnestly as a friend that such comments would ruin me, and I would have to be careful to keep my ideas to myself; and I felt miserable and contemplated suicide, and wished I never had been born, or had waited about fifty years longer before I was born, so that I would find people in the world that had sympathy with me.

But now, though Talmage is a rampant Prohibitionist, I could say every thing about him that I then said, and that he was for all the trouble that's in religion beside, and my friend and patron not only will not be offended at it, but he will kick like a mule if he doesn't get his paper regularly, that is telling him these very same things, and proposes still to tell them.

A few years later Colonel Fletcher Johnston, now of Washington, knocked me clean out, and caused me to hang up The Blade

the first time, by a reply that he made to an assault that I had made on Sam Jones; a Prohibitionist, but as unmitigated a blatherskite as ever stood in a pulpit. The Methodists were then dead gone on him; but it half the Nicholasville Democrat and the Jessamine Journal say every year about that High Bridge Camp Meeting and Sam Jones' carrying on, is true, that Camp Meeting out to be squelched as a nuisance.

When I flattened out Sam that time the orders to "stop my paper" rolled in on me until I felt so bad that I stopped every body's paper, and went home and went to work on the farm. And yet in this whole State there's not a man that will be fool enough now to stop his paper because of what I say about Sam Jones.

Since that time I have said things immensely more ultra in the line of my religious convictions than I had ever said then.

The Lexington Press made an abortive effort to knock out Prohibition by attacking my religious views as a Prohibition champion, when I stated this last time, but I do not suppose that anybody in Lexington, except the brother that wrote it, and the type setters who set it up, can now recall that such an editorial was, last September, written in the Lexington Press.

The fact is that the "world do move," notwithstanding Reverend Jasper's theology and astronomy to the contrary.

Whenever you gentlemen of the clerical cloth so read and understand the epistle of James, as to realize and preach that the butt end of Christianity is something we have to do; not so much what we have to believe; not only will Prohibition sweep this country, but the party and the people who will have accomplished Prohibition will have a whole lot of other good things to go for, and we Prohibitionists, and Cranks, and Simon pure Christians and Rationalists will have a young millenium here the first thing you know.

If Billy Breckinridge, for instance, were either a Crank, Prohibitionist, epistle of James kind of a Christian, or a Rationalist, he would to-day be using his brilliant intellectual endowments to get up an International Peace Congress, which even I could almost do if somebody would pay my traveling expenses and run THE BLADE while I would be gone. And you would not have that man from Millersburg writing up here to know what good Billy had ever done, and all our folks saying, "Give it up; ask us something easy." Instead of that he worships John Calvin and whisky and Democracy, and preaches the gospel of "tariff for revenue only" as the glad tidings of great joy which should be unto all men.

I was talking to one of these Farmers' Alliance fellows here the other night, and trying to get into his skull that if he would come in and help us in the Prohibition work he would have sober men to make the laws for his people and all of us farmers, and justice would be done the farmer. He came from the back woods, talked bad grammar, had on a dirty shirt, and wore a nose like one of these old-fashioned red "pinies," that recalled what old Jack Falstaff said of old Bardolph's nose.

That Alliance fellow thought he hit Prohibition a regular sode-lager when he said "I wouldn't care to have Prohibition if I thought the Prohibitionists would stop when they got rid of liquor, but the next thing would be something else."

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou has perfected praise."

Right you are, old "pinie" nose; you sized up the most advanced thinkers among our people. We only want to get rid of liquor as a hindrance in the way of the positive things we want to effect.

Then "The next thing will be something else," and the "something else" will be tobacco and gambling and lotteries and race horses, and immoral books and immoral newspapers and immoral drama. And then we'll have charitable institutions and educational institutions, and we'll have schools to show that the difference between one man's doing good and another man's doing bad, is only because the first man eats beat biscuit and the last one eats soda biscuits; the good man's wife has cooked his cabbage boiled in pure water and dressed it with cream, while the bad man was always eating cabbage boiled with a fat piece of sow abdomen.

You good people that have gotten an idea into your heads that there is something that lays it over money to make men and women happy, get your preachers on to this racket, and the first thing you know you will for the first time in your lives know what is meant by the saying "From the days of John the Baptist until now, the Kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force—and all men rush into it."

All of my people will be up in the Amen corner, and we'll have meetings that will get away with Brother Wharton's, and the angels will come down here to see what's up and what's to pay.

Mr. George Handy, of Harrodsburg, Talks Like a Man for Women.

For Mrs. Moore:—Social science affirms that woman's place in society marks the level of civilization. From its twilight in Greece, through the Italian worship of the Virgin, the dreams of chivalry, the justice of the civil law, and the equality of French society, we trace her gradual recognition; while our common law, as Lord Brougham confessed, was, with relation to woman, the opprobrium of the age and of Christianity. For forty years, plain men and women working noiselessly, have washed away that opprobrium; the statute books of thirty years have been remodelled, and woman stands to-day almost face to face with her last claim—the ballot.

It has been a weary and thankless, though successful struggle. But if there be any refuge from that ghastly curse, the vice of great cities, before which social science stands palsied and dumb, it is in this more equal recognition of woman. If, in this critical battle for universal suffrage, our fathers' noblest legacy to us and the greatest trust God leaves in our hands—there be any weapon, which once taken from the armory will make victory certain, it will be, as it has been in art, literature and society, summoning woman into the political arena.

The London Times proclaimed more than twenty years ago that intemperance produced more idleness, crime, disease, want and misery than all other causes put together; and the Westminster Review calls it a "curse that far eclipses every other calamity under which we suffer." Gladstone, speaking as Prime Minister, admitted that "greater calamities are inflicted on mankind by intemperance than by the three great historical scourges—war, pestilence and famine." De Quincey says "the most remarkable instance of a combined movement in society which history, perhaps, will be summoned to notice is that, which in our day has applied itself to the abatement of intemperance."

"No one supposes that law can make men temperate. Occasionally some sot betrays the average level of liquor intelligence by fancying that to be our belief and plan. Temperance men, on the contrary, have always known and argued that we must trust to argument, example, social influence and religious principle to make men temperate. But law can shut up those bars and dram shops which facilitate and find intemperance, which double our taxes, make our streets unsafe for men of feeble resolution, treble the peril to property and life and make the masses tools in the hands of designing men to undermine and cripple laws."

Going for Our Editors.

Papers of the State, Democratic and Republican, are quoting the BLADE's statement, that in the city of Lexington a large proportion of the population of which are Confederate Colonels, Democratic politics is dished out to them by two two editors, one of whom was in the Federal army and the other a home guard during the war. In addition to this, Polk, now of Middleborough, late a Democratic editor of Lexington, was a Federal soldier, and one of the private advisers of Grant; and Townsend, of the Transcript, (Dem.) was the only Union man in Mississippi, who he had to leave there and come North because the climate got too warm for him down there. Does look a little singular.

Dr. Parker on Sacramental Wine.
It is high time that intoxicating wine was banished from the sacramental service. It has driven men to long abandoned habits of intemperance.

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